# THE EVENING BULLETIN.

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# FIRST BLOODSHED.

## The Great War Between Labor and Capital Begun.

## BATTLE FOUGHT AT HOMESTEAD

**A Fearful Slaughter of Human Life Follows the Attempt to Land Pinkerton Men at the Carnegie Works — Ten Men Killed and Over Fifty Wounded.**

The list of killed and injured as far as obtained is as follows:

Killed.

William Foy, shot through the breast.

John Morris, shot through the forehead.

Henry Streigle, shot through the neck.

J. H. Klein, Pinkerton man, shot through the head.

Joseph Shepa, shot through the breast.

Silas Wayne, bullet through his neck.

Thomas Weldon, shot in the stomach.

Peter Farris, shot through the stomach.

In addition to these two Pinkerton men were shot and fell overboard, and their names could not be learned.

Injured.

Andrew Sular, shot in the leg.

Miles Laughlin, shot through the body.

Hugh O'Donnell, shot in the hand.

Martin Murry, shot in the right knee.

J. G. Hoffman, shot in the leg.

David Lester, Pinkerton man, arm broken.

Russell Wells. Pinkerton, shot in the leg.

George Rutter, bullet in the hip.

John McCurry, shot in the groin.

Harry Hughes, shot in the cheek.

Andrew Schuyhir, shot through the knee cap.

William Johnston, shot in the hip.

In addition to this, not less than twenty-five Homestead men are slightly wounded. Nine other Pinkerton men are also wounded.

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HOMESTEAD, Pa., July 7.—About 2:30 yesterday morning word was received at Homestead from the scouts stationed at Lock No. 1, on the Monongahala river bank, that two boat loads of strange men had arrived there in charge of steamer Little Bill, and were on their way to Homestead.

The information had no sooner been received than the large steam whistle at the electric light plant was blown, and its mournful, far-reaching voice rose and fell on the morning air, waking the weary sleepers within a radius of many miles, and telling them the Pinkertons were coming.

The perfection of the unparalleled system of signaling, which has been adopted by the Homestead men, was well demonstrated, for the the moment the whistles were heard flash-lights were brought into play from different points on the surrounding high ground.

The little battleship Edna, which is ever ready for duty, joined her shrill small voice in the call to arms, but after shrieking for a few seconds put off down the river in search of her enemy. The sentinels on the outposts in the meantime were not idle, as hundreds of sky-rockets were sent toward the heavens to make assurance doubly sure that no man, woman or child in Homestead would sleep while their town was menaced.

Within two minutes after the first blast of the large whistle, 1,000 half-clothed, but wide-awake people were on the streets hurrying toward the river, jostling each other in their eagerness to get the first glimpse of the Pinkerton fleet. They peered into the dense fog which overhung the Monongahela waters in vain, and no sound was heard save the calls and answers of the water scouts, who were plying the river in forty staffs, searching for the enemy. For fully an hour, it seemed as though the people had been hauled from their beds for no purpose and many of the tired ones returned to their homes.

At 4 o'clock the streets of Homestead were almost deserted, when three horsemen, their steeds bathed in foam, came flying up the river road into Homestead, and separated in different directions shouting wildly: "To the river, to the river, the Pinkertons are coming."

At the same moment, the whistle for the second time since the sun had set shot out its dismal warning, this time sounding the death call for many Homestead men who had sprung from their beds two hours before. This time the alarm was a genuine one, and as the 10,000 people scurried through the streets toward the river, a shrill whistle from the bend below the town announced the coming of the little boat Edna, and her peculiarly plaintive cry carried with it an awful significance.

Nearer and nearer came the little boat. Then it was seen that she was followed closely by a long low lying float being pushed rapidly up stream by a steamer. The vast army of men, women and children on shore were not long in learning the character of the strange craft and the cry of "two model barges full of Pinkertons" was soon raised.

Then there was a mad race toward the mill fence. Rushing, screaming and falling over each other, the crowd reached the twenty-foot fence, which extended down into the water, and the advance guard began tearing down the boards. They were for getting in the mill, as it was seen that the Pinkertons intended landing inside the works. Every nerve of the 4,500 workmen and their families was strained toward reaching the only landing place in advance of the Pinkertons.

In less time than it takes to tell it, great holes were torn in the fence, through which the angry crowd poured in a stream.

Along the foot path skirting the river bank, they rushed pell mell, and though in some places it was necessary to go one at a time, the mad pace set by the light-footed leaders was not relaxed and those who were unable to keep on the path rolled into the river. The noise of the wild assembly was like the rumbling of a storm. The shrill cries of the foremost ones were answered by shouts of encouragement by those behind. Every man was armed with a club at least, and fully eight of every ten carried revolvers. Women with babes in arms ran fleetly along the footpaths, bent in reaching the scene of the struggle.

Although, from the moment the men on the Little Bill saw their purpose was known every pound of available steam was brought into play and the boat load of Pinkerton guards shot through the water with surprising speed, and the strikers won the race. Before the barges were within one hundred feet of the landing, that portion of the river bank was literally covered with mill men brandishing their clubs, while some on the bank above were firing their revolvers to intimidate the occupants of the boats. Up to this time there has not been a sign of life on the barges, but when within fifty feet of the shore the large doors at the ends of the boats were thrown open and as many men as could conveniently stand on the little forward decks crowded quickly out.

One glance was enough to fire the blood of the most conservative mill man, as through the rapidly coming daylight they recognized the slouch-hatted, blue-coated, heavily armed Pinkerton men. Every one of the Pinkertons held in his hands one of the deadly doubled-barrelled Winchester rifles, and though three score of the glittering barrels were leveled directly at the mill men as the boat reached the shore, not a man retreated, but rather pressed closer to the shore in order to be the first to fall if necessary.

The din was terrific as the lusty-tongued mill men vented their rage upon the intruders. "Don't come on land or we will brain you, you dirty blackguards," they yelled. "Why don't you work for your living like decent men?" they howled.

Not a word answered the Pinkertons, but as the boat lonched the shore and a gang plank was thrown out every Pinkerton covered as many men as possible with his Winchester. Rage had now transformed the usually pacific Homestead men into demons. They knew no fear, but even jumped forward to wrest the death-dealing rifles from the hands of their hated enemies.

Never until the "judgment morn" will it be definitely known who fired the first shot which started the slaughter that has made so many homes of mourning. The first gun, however, was fired from the Pinkerton barge, and is thought to have been discharged by the captain of the gang of men, who was afterward killed.

The last moment before the slaughter, the crowd was surging downward against six of the leading mill workers, who stood with their backs to the Pinkertons, fairly under the muzzles of the rifles, trying to keep the mill men back from what seemed certain death. Clear as a bell, far above the roar of the angry crowd, came the voice of Hugh O'Donnell, as, hatless he tried to check the angry men. "In God's name," he cried, "my good fellows, keep back, don't press down and force them to do murder."

It was too late, the appeal was drowned by the short report of a Winchester from a man in the bow of the boat. The first ball had hardly left the smoking barrel on its mission of death ere it was followed by a sheet of flame from a score of rifles in the Pinkerton's hands. William Foy, who stood at the front with his foot on the gang plank, staggered and fell, his life's blood gushing out.

For a moment the vast crowd was struck dumb by the attack. Only the groans of several wounded men were heard. The echoes of the rifle had hardly reached the neighboring hills ere the crowd replied. Out from the semi-darkness of the morning flashed a wall of fire. The men on the bank, too, had arms, and were using them. The leader of the Pinkertons clapped his hand to his breast and fell overboard, sinking beneath the waters, while several other Pinkertons staggered back and were carried inside the boat by their comrades.

At the first flash of the Pinkertons' rifles, many of the crowd took to their heels, but close to the water's edge stood about 200 of the angered men firing their revolvers straight at the Pinkertons. Soon the latter, unable to withstand such fire, retreated into their cabin and fired from under cover as quickly as possible.

When the men on shore had emptied their revolvers, they retreated up the bank, greeting every shot from their enemies with defiant cheer.

It is remarkable that among that vast lot of Homestead men not a gun was seen, but after the first attack messengers flew wildly to the town and in a quarter of an hour, armed with rifles, shotguns, muskets and everything in the line of firearms, they were hurrying again to the scene of battle. The Pinkertons kept rather close under cover, but when the mill men came down to the water and asked for a conference, one was readily given them. The spokesmen of the Pinkertons said they didn't intend working, and a voice from the crowd answered: "You fellows wouldn't work; its against your principles."

This evidently ended the conference, as the speaker shouted: "You fellows have been blowing through the newspapers what you were going to do, and now we will show you what we can do, and in fifteen minutes we will make a landing and clean the grounds in short order."

This was greeted with a defiant cheer on the part of the mill men. One old gray-haired man shouted to the Pinkertons: "Our boys have just whipped you and we can do it again. If you want to fight we'll send the women, as you're afraid to fight men."

Nothing further was done by the Pinkertons until after they had eaten breakfast on the boat, when at 8:30, they made another attempt to land on the company's grounds, but were repulsed.

The mill men now took their position on top of the bank, while skilled marksmen were placed at every sheltered point and with their long range rifles proceeded to shoot down every Pinkerton they could see. Heavy slugs were sent crashing into the boats three different times, however, and each time caused a flag of truce to be sent out by the caged Pinkertons, but the cry of "No quarter" was raised on every side and the flags were riddled with bullets and disregarded.

For hours the crowd of workmen behind the barricades of structural iron within the walls watched the barges with guns cocked, waiting for a head to appear. Down in the boats, sweltering and with hearts filled with fear, lay the 270 Pinkerton guards. The sun was beating down on the low roofs of the barges, and the air within them must have been stifling, for an opening was not to be thought of, as it would only attract a storm of bullets from the angry men outside.

The suffering of the wounded in the boats must have been awful, not to speak of the others, and as the sun grew hotter sounds of an ax at work within the boat told the crowd that the Pinkerton guards were taking desperate chances to prevent suffocation. Soon a hole was cut through, and a moment later it was made twice as large from the bullets from the shore. The axman was wounded, and no further attempts were made to secure ventilation. Death in a stifling atmosphere was better, the Pinkertons thought, than from the guns of the mob.

All sorts of plans were tried to fire the boats. A hand fire engine owned by the steel company was gotten out of its shed and connected with the big oil tank. The oil was pumped down into the river and burning waste was thrown after it. This did not do, and the stores with overstocks of Fourth of July fireworks were drawn upon, rockets, roman candles and the like being used, but without effect. The oil was of the lubricating kind and not as inflammable as other grades. But if the mill men had succeeded an appalling fate must have been in store for the Pinkerton men. To save themselves from death by fire they would have had to face the reflex of the mob, and the escape of any of them alive would almost have been beyond hope.

Seeing their efforts were in vain, the steel workers rested and discussed the situation. Hugh O'Donnell, cool headed and anxious to avoid further bloodshed, seized a small American flag, mounted a pile of iron, and soon had the attention of the 2,000 maddened men who were shouting for blood. He began to calmly discuss the situation and to caution the men to move slowly. His words were received with cheers, and finding he had the crowd with him he suggested that a truce be arranged until the arrival of the sheriff. He said a white flag should be carried to the bank, and he was going to explain his plan further when a howl arose from a thousand throats.

"Show the white flag? Never!" was the cry. "They shot at one flag this morning, and if there is any white flag to be shown it must fly from the boats."

"What will we do then?" asked O'Donnell.

"We will hold them in the boat until the sheriff comes and we will have warrants sworn out for every man for murder. The sheriff will then have to take them in charge," said one man, and shouts of approval rent the air.

Seeing that this was the desire of the men, O'Donnell stepped down and went to work to keep them to that and prevent further conflict if possible.

While the meeting was in progress in the mill another one was being held by the beleaguered ones in the boat. The result was soon shown by a white handkerchief being cautiously shoved out of an opening and cheers greeted it. "They surrender," "victory," "we have them now" and like cries rung out. Then Hugh O'Donnell, accompanied by two or three of the old advisory committee, ran down the steep bank to receive the message of peace. The spokesman of the Pinkerton's announced that they would surrender on condition that they be protected from the violence of the mob. After a short parley this was agreed to, though a multitude of enraged people were howling for the blood of the men who killed the comrades.

As soon as the committee had arranged the preliminaries a hundred or more from the shore climbed upon the boat. A United Press reporter went into the frail craft and there found one dead and eleven wounded Pinkerton men. When asked where they came from, one big fellow, who looked like a tough, said Boston and Chicago had furnished the most of them, but there were some from other places. Not more than a couple Pittsburg men were in the gang, he said. His experience in the boat was the worst he ever had, though he had been in some warm places. Some of the men, he said, even cried for fear, and but few of them expected to get away with whole skins.

The steel workers did not let them talk long, but ordered them to hurry out. The first one to leave had his Winchester rifle with him. "Disarm them," cried the mob, and the rifles were then taken away from all, and became the property of the man who took the gun. Then began a looting of the boat. The uniforms the guards had intended to wear were either thrown in the river or given to the Hungarians. Everything of the slightest value that was portable was carried away by the crowd. When the boats had been looted the march of the captured crew began. Down the gang-plank, one by one, they came, and that they might be distinguished from the men on the bank, so that none would get away, they were forced to walk with uncovered heads.

And such a gauntlet as they had to run. For a distance of 600 yards or more one was formed, and through this the Pinkerton men walked, ran or crawled as best they could. The first to leave got only hoots and jeers. Then with open hands the men who formed the gauntlet began to strike them on their uncovered heads. The leaders were unable to do anything with the crowd and soon clubs were introduced. This was in the mill yard near the end of the gauntlet. The rule was, "when you see an uncovered head, hit it." "Murder, murder," shrieked the frightened ones as the blows rang on their heads. "Men, for the love of God, have merey on me, don't kill me," pleaded a gray-headed man, from whose head and face was flying blood from many wounds.

Their hats, their satchels and even their coats were taken from them and either torn to pices or carried off. The police force of the steel workers tried to save them, but it was no use. When a man reached the top of the bank, he would receive a blow from a club, which would knock him down. When he got up he always ran, and blows from clubs and fists rained on his unprotected head. One young fellow with blanched face saw what was awaiting him and he burst into tears. Dropping on his knees, he begged for mercy, but he was soon raised to his feet by kicks from all sides. Then he started to run, and as he did a blow from a blood-stained club laid him low. Two men ran to him and escorted him safely through the rest of the line.

Women, too, were in the line and they plied clubs and stones as vigorously as did the men. They made more noise, for they were continuously hooting at the Pinkertons and urging the men on in their terrible work. The only guards not assaulted while running the gauntlet were the wounded, and they were greeted with howls and cries that must have made them pray for death.

"You blankety blank, its a blank pity your blank head was not shot off," was a sample of what the wounded heard. The only one that was not hooted was the dead man. "Good for the blankety blank" was the greeting he got, but it was not spoken loudly.

Through the gauntlet at the mill, the unhappy, bleeding Pinkertons had another one to run. On the streets were women, children and a few straggling steel workers. As the wounded men ran, mud, stones and other missiles struck them. Following them was a crowd of men, whose duty it was to see that none got away, and, so far as can be learned, none did get away. They were rounded up like frightened sheep in a corner of the town and then driven to the opera house. There they were locked in and glad they were to be off the streets, for it seemed that every man, woman and child felt it a duty to add to the misery of every man whose head was cut and every one of the heads owned by the Pinkerton guards was bleeding.

After placing the guard on the opera house, the majority of the workmen withdrew, and a message was sent to W. J. Brennen asking him to come to Homestead and advise the victors as to the disposal of the prisoners of war.

When the last Pinkerton had left the barge the mob cried, "burn the boats." The suggestion was a taking one, and they only waited long enough to unload several boxes of Winchester rifles and ammunition, and then satisfied they had all the arms, the torch was applied to the Iron Mountain and the Monongahela simultaneously. Aided by oil and fed by the dry wood of the inside, it was not long until the flames were leaping far above the high river bank, and the mob was driven back by the intense heat.

Nero could not have been more happy when he saw Rome in flames than were those steel workers when the beheld the fire destroying the barges, which only a short time before sheltered their foes. They shouted joyfully, cheered lustily, and their cries of delight were echoed by the men on the other side of the river who were standing by a now silent cannon. Nor did they cease their manifestations of joy until the fire burned to the water's side and the smoldering embers were swallowed up by the peaceful river.

When the crowd first rushed upon the barges after the surrender of the Pinkerton's they seemed to be deserted, but hidden under the bunks, behind boxes or anything that offered concealment, were the captured ones. They were dragged out, but not maltreated there. That was left to those on the river banks. They shivered, though it was hot and their lips trembled as they spoke. One of them said in a pitiful tone: "For God's sake, get me out of here." And the tears rolled down his cheeks, making furrows through the perspiration which was slowly coursing down his face.

Some of the braver ones were inclined to resist the blows and indignities at first, but they soon saw that death awaited such resistance.

One of the first things the victors did after the surrender was to secure a roll book. It contained 266 names divided into squads of twenty each, commanded by a lieutenant. This book showed that some of the men had been on guard at Walston, near Punxsutawney, at Cleveland, and at other points where labor troubles were. Such notes as "Strike ended, transferred to Walston," "sent to Cleveland," etc., told the story.

The workers will use these names in prosecuting the Pinkertons for murder, as they will certainly do.

Shortly after 12 o'clock this morning, it was rumored about Homestead that the prisoners were to be taken to Pittsburg on a special train brought up by Sheriff McCleary. About 12:30. President Weihe, of the Amalgamated association appeared on the stage of the opera house, and ordered the hall cleared off all outsiders.

Hugh O'Donnell, of the advisory committee, took charge and formed the men in ranks. He then informed the waiting crowds that the outrages of the afternoon were cowardly and that when the prisoners were marched to the station they must be protected. His remarks were received with cheers.

A few minutes later, the procession started for the depot. The wounded brought up the rear, several being carried in chairs and no demonstration was made on the way to the station. The trip down to Pittsburg was made quietly, but at every station a large crowd was gathered and jeered and hooted. En route one of the men, Peter Gorman, of New York, had a fit, requiring four men to hold him in his seat.

On reaching Try street station, Pittsburg, fifteen wounded men were taken from the train and removed to the West Pennsylvania hospital. The train was then taken to the Twenty-eighth street station of the Pennsylvania railroad, another engine attached and the train pulled out eastward. How far east they will be taken or their destination, is not at this time made public.

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### Shipped Out of the State.

PITTSBURG, July 7.—It is just learned that the Pinkerton men were shipped out of the state. When the boundary line is reached they will be set at liberty.

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## SHE'S A HUSBAND NOW.

**Remarkable Career of Annie Hendle, the Female Impersonator.**

NEW YORK, July 7.—Annie Hendle, the female impersonator, was married on June 16 last in Troy to Miss Louise Spangehl.

Miss Hendle in her half century or so of life been a bride, a wife, a widow, a bridegroom, a husband and a widower. She has led two brides to the alter, been a bride herself and has followed to the grave a man and a woman, to both of whom she had been tied in bonds of matrimony.

In the fall of 1868 Charles Vivian, an English actor, and the founder of the Order of Elks, met and fell in love with the actress. The infatuation was mutual and they were married in Philadelphia. A few months later in Denver they separated and never met again. There was no divorce and in 1880 Vivian died in Leadville, Colo. Six years later Miss Hendle, or Mrs. Vivian, married her dresser, named Annie Ryan.

The latter was twenty-five years old, a pretty little brunette. The ceremony took place at Grand Rapids, Mich., and Gilbert Sarony, a female impersonator, was best man. For five years this strange couple lived quietly together on Jersey City Heights, Mrs. Vivian or Mr. Hendle, retiring from the stage for the time being.

Last December the actress buried her wife, following the funeral to the grave and bowing in great grief over the remains of the women she claimed to have loved better than any one else on earth. To drown her sorrows she again began active work, for quite a season the past spring being one of the stars at Huber's museum, in East Fourteenth street. During one of her engagements she met Miss Louise Spangehl, who is not a professional, and while playing an engagement in Troy the two were married by Rev. G. C. Baldwin, who is said to have believed at the time he was performing the ceremony, that Miss Hendle was a man.

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### Italians Take Strikers' Places.

NEW CUMBERLAND, W. Va., July 7.—The John Porter Brick company put to work 500 Italians, to take the places of striking laborers at the pottery and sewer works. An attack would not be surprising.

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### Wheat, Berries and Peaches.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., July 7.—The wheat crop is harvested and pretty well thrashed, showing for this county an average of sixteen bushels per acre. The berry crop will be very light. The first peaches of the season were shipped from Memphis yesterday. Much of this fruit is falling from the trees, and the crop will be not more than a half one.

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### Republicans in Arkansas.

LITTLE ROCK, July 7.—For the first time in ten years the Republicans have put out a straight ticket and refused to fuse with the third party. It was a big surprise to all, especially the Democrats. Powell Clayton was not present at the convention. W. S. Whipple was nominated for Governor.

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### Deed of a Drunken Man.

ST. LOUIS, July 7.—Lewis Ulmer, a driver, aged thirty-eight, fired five shots at Mrs. Mary Ellmann, a wealthy widow, aged seventy, late last night. Two shots passed through her breast, killing her. Ulmer called at her house under the influence of liquor.